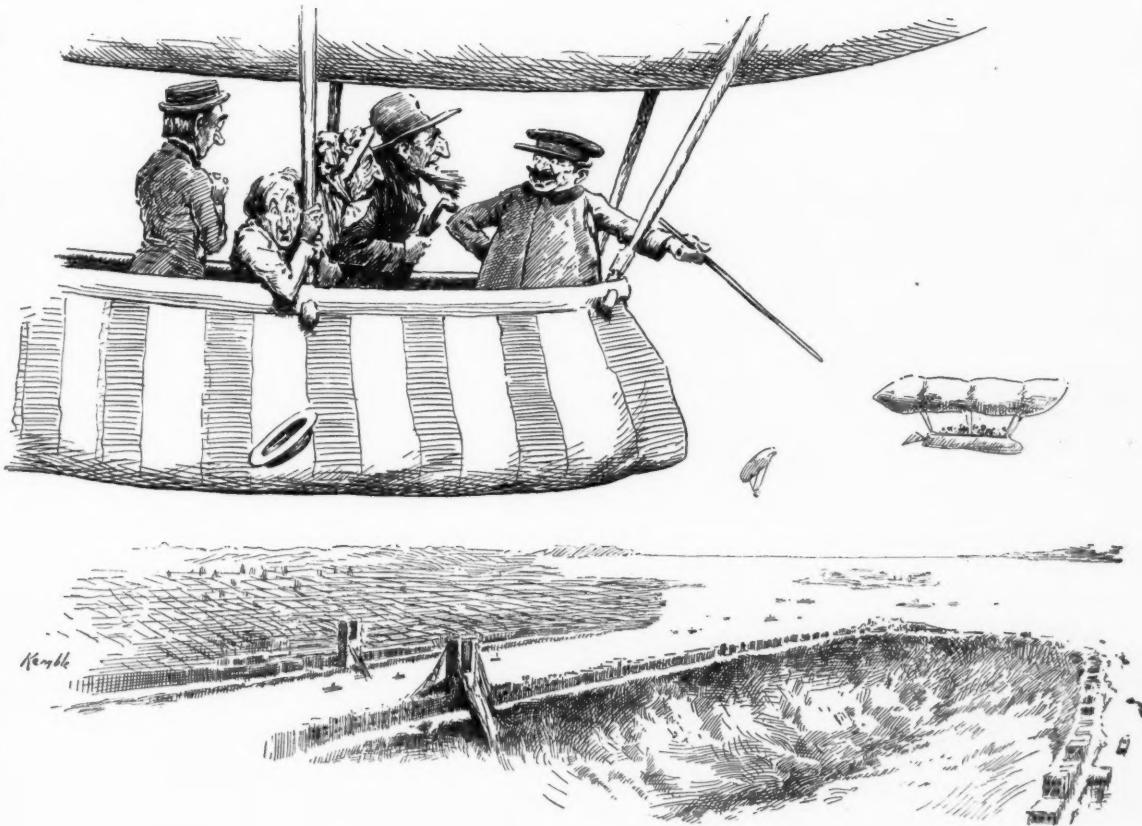


VOLUME XXXIX.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 6, 1902.

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NUMBER 1006.



SIGHTSEEING IN 1920.

The Conductor: THAT DEPRESSION DOWN THERE IS WHERE NEW YORK CITY STOOD. BUT WITH ALL ITS SKY-SCRAPERS AND UNDERGROUND TUNNELS IT SUDDENLY SUNK ONE DAY, AND THEY HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO FIND IT SINCE.

LIFE

The New Censor.

"The Rev. Dr. Nichols draws up a new List of Society." —*The Sun.*

WARD McALLISTER, the late,
Was a gentleman whose great
Privilege it was to state

Just how many mortals
Could unquestionably be
In our best society :
There were then 400 he
Shut within the portals.

Comes another censor now
With the laurels on his brow
To explain exactly how

Ward exaggerated.
From his subsequent report
On our present *Social Court*,
Scarce 200 hold the fort
Duly consecrated.

Banker, Broker, Bishop there,—
Everyone a millionaire,—
With their wives,—and some to
spare,—

Are *IT*, quoth this Pastor ;
Thence, proceeding town by town,
All their names of wide renown
In his list are written down
After Mrs. Astor.

That we have this chance to know
Who is who, as ratings go
In the world of *Comme-il-faut*,

All our senses tickles :
We can now detect a snob
When we see one in the mob,
And we thank you for your job,
Rev. Mr. Nichols!

Felix Carmen.

A COUNTRY convert, full
of zeal, offered himself
for service in his first prayer-
meeting remarks.

"I'm ready to do anything
the Lord asks of me," he said,
"so long as it's honorable."

*A Sign Over a Little Country
Store in Georgia.*

JONATHAN WILKINS.

Ice Cream in Season
and Embalming on Reasonable
Cash Terms.

Also Millinery and Tooth
Pulling.

Boots, Shoes, Books and Bacon.
Coffins on the Instalment Plan.

The Wife: JUST THINK ! I ONLY PAID FORTY DOLLARS FOR IT AT AN AUCTION, AND IT'S WORTH OVER A HUNDRED.
"WHAT MAKES YOU THINK THAT?"
"THE AUCTIONEER TOLD ME SO HIMSELF."



• LIFE •



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XXXIX. FEB. 6, 1902. No. 1006.
19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST ST., NEW YORK.

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We are still trying to do our duty in the Philippines.

We have done three hundred million dollars worth of it, but there are millions of the Filipinos still alive, and though we are not fighting all of them at present, the universal sentiment among them seems to be that they could get along much better without our help. Governor Taft reports that matters are going pretty well. He says we have eight hundred and forty-three teachers in the islands now, and that the Filipinos take kindly to them and are not disposed to kill them. He thinks that by the end of this year not more than fifteen thousand American soldiers will be required in the islands. That is an interesting opinion with which General Chaffee probably does not agree. But a very interesting opinion is attributed to General Chaffee himself. He is quoted as saying that all the natives of the Philippines are "traitors to American sovereignty." All of them, he thinks, want independence.

It begins to look a little more as though they would get it, and get it pretty soon. President Schurman's recent speech about it in Boston has been very widely read and has made a good deal of a sensation. He was the president of President McKinley's first Philippine Commission. He has never been an Imperialist, and has never favored the subjugation of unwilling

foreigners. His dispositions towards the Filipinos have been intelligently benevolent from the first. But his opinions have progressed. Three years ago he felt that the Filipinos were not united and homogeneous enough to set up for themselves. He now finds reason to believe that three years of fighting have so welded them together that they may be enough united to go it alone. He does not know that they are, but he is impressed by the statement attributed to General Chaffee that they *all* want independence. If that is so, says Dr. Schurman, "they should have it as soon as they are qualified to exercise it." He does not mean by that in the remote future, but promptly. He wants to know their minds—wants them to get to voting and form a popular assembly that can speak for them. He says that if they ask through such a representative body for independence they will get it. Let us hope he is right. Fighting the Filipinos with a view to subjugate them is utterly unprofitable. Fighting them with a view to lick them into shape, "weld them together under the hammer of war," and qualify them for self-government, may be a form of philanthropy. But it is a kind of philanthropy that our people will hardly want to carry to excess. The Democrats in Congress favor an announcement that the United States renounces sovereignty in the Philippines and intends to get out as soon as is consistent with its obligations. Dr. Schurman says: "As soon as the Filipinos are able to do as well as the Central American republics, turn them loose!" That is the right sentiment, and it is growing.



It is a hard struggle to win for the Cubans a chance to sell their sugar in our markets, but it will probably be won. Philanthropy and sound policy both demand that the ties between the United States and Cuba should be strengthened by all possible means. When Cuba proposes annexation, Columbia is going to say "Yes." But Cuba is not ready for that yet, and she ought not to be constrained to make her offer until her mind is clearly made up about it, and she is sure that she is ready.

To reduce our tariff on raw sugar so as to let her sell her present crop here is a measure of the first-aid-to-the-injured sort, which ought not to be delayed another minute.



IT is the belief of some persons who think themselves well informed that Tammany has got through with Croker, and will never come under his authority again. Mr. Nixon, the new boss, is able, ambitious and reputable. He can do various things well, and has a very great reputation as a designer of ships, but he is a comparatively new hand in politics, and nobody knows yet whether his nature and his training are such as to qualify him to be a successful boss. At any rate, he won't be the sort of autocrat that Croker has been. He is much more intelligent than Croker, and much better educated, and the moral side of him has been developed to a degree that must disqualify him to succeed by Croker methods. What was success to Croker would be deadly failure to Nixon. If Nixon succeeds at all, it must be by winning the confidence of decent people. But to regain the confidence of decent people for Tammany Hall is a very, very big undertaking, and no lazy man envies Mr. Nixon his job.



THE citizens who are at present responsible for the maintenance of good government in New York seem to have come to a conclusion as to the Sunday rum question. They want the Legislature to amend the Raines law so as to give restaurants the privilege of selling drinks on Sunday. That would automatically close the bedrooms of the Raines law hotels, and make all saloons restaurants. Further, they want the Legislature to authorize an election to be held in New York next spring whereat voters may record whether or not they want the saloons open on Sunday from noon to ten o'clock at night. These seem to be reasonable desires.



HIS PLEA.

"VAT! DO YOU MEAN TO SHARGE ME TWO TOLLARS A VISIT?"
 "THAT IS MY REGULAR RATE TO EVERYONE."
 "YASE, BUT I INDROTUSED DER DISEASE INTO DER NEIGHBORHOOD!"

The Remedy of Publicity.



QUESTIONS to be asked by Mr. Roosevelt's proposed Superintendent of Trusts:

1. "Where did you get it," and what is the difference between a dividend and a "divvy"?
2. What legislatures do you own?
3. What is the average of the combined salaries of your President and your office boy?
4. Why did the Grand Jury fail to indict you?
5. What time is your President allowed for lunch?
6. How many persons have you run over, ruined, or otherwise killed during the year? Why?
7. Who is your Judge?
8. Do you pay him by the job or by the year? Of what church is he a member?
9. State all sums paid during the last year for false witnesses?
10. Are your contributions to both political parties dictated by love for mankind or by business considerations?
11. "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"
12. How much of the total consumption do you control, and why can't you tell?
13. Do you believe in Socialism or in Anarchy?
14. How were the books lost?
15. Why don't your directors know anything about the business?
16. Where do you expect to go when you die?

Sworn to by

JANITOR.

(N. B. — The typewriter's oath will not be accepted unless she has reached years of discretion.)

Bolton Hall.

Beware!

PLUMP little Cupid sits in the cold,
 Troubling the air with a woe-
 ful din,
 But if to comfort him you make bold,
 You'll be the one to be taken in.

BRIGGS: I wonder how long it will be before a man can write an impartial history of the United States for the last twenty-five years.

GRIGGS: Oh, just as soon as all the misstatements have become so fixed that everyone believes them true.

PHOTOGRAPHER: Now I want you to look as if you were not having your picture taken.

CUSTOMER: Then you'd better give me back the deposit I made in advance.



THE HEIGHT OF POLITENESS.

"IT'S RAINING, MISS GIRAFFE. PRAY ALLOW ME."



FOR so extended a biography, Horace Elisha Scudder's *James Russell Lowell* is exceptionally entertaining. This is due in part to the author's unaffected style and in part to the fact that his work is a discriminating commentary upon Lowell's time and generation. (Houghton, Mifflin and Company. 2 vols. \$3.50.)

The House with the Green Shutters is the story of a business feud and a study of local types in a small Scotch village. It is strongly conceived, but doubly handicapped by the dialect of the characters and the peculiar vocabulary of the author, Mr. George Douglas. (McClure, Phillips and Company. \$1.50.)

Henry Seton Merriman's latest book, *The Velvet Glove*, is a Spanish story of the Carlist insurrection in 1870. It would not be Merriman's were it not exciting, but both the plot and the author's love of epigram are held well in hand. It is the best thing he has written. (Dodd, Mead and Company. \$1.50.)

Poor "Elizabeth" is being worked overtime in fiction these days. Her latest appearance is in *The Ordeal of Elizabeth*, by an anonymous writer. It is a New York *Journal* story told in New York *Tribune* language and should please lovers of polite sensationalism. (J. F. Taylor and Company. \$1.50.)

When Love Is Young, the eleventh of Harper's American novel series, is so simple and unpretentious a study of the idealism of a boy's mind that it is apt to pass unnoticed among many loudly heralded works of less merit. Nevertheless it is worth reading, and its author, Roy Rolfe Gilson, is worth watching. (Harper and Brothers. \$1.50.)

Ina Brevoort Roberts's story of a bold, bad roué, *The Lifting of a Finger*, is so very bad that it is amusing. There is a naïveté about it that is almost suggestive of the little girl's celebrated dramatic representation, "We, too, have not been idle." (J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. \$1.25.)

Memories of a Musical Life, by William Mason, is modest, unaffected and interesting. The volume abounds in personal reminiscences of celebrated composers, notably of Liszt, and is illustrated with facsimiles of the author's collection of musical autographs. (The Century Company. \$2.00.)

J. B. Kerfoot.

Natural Mirrors.

THE LAWYER: You say that you were walking behind this woman, could not distinguish her figure because of the cape she wore, saw nothing of her face, and yet knew that she was a very pretty woman. How do you account for that?

THE WITNESS: Well, I could see the faces of the men coming towards me.



LÈSE-MAJESTÉ.

WILHELM R. I., by Divine Right full of talent and renown,
Was a soldier and a sailor from his spurs up to his crown;
The Nation stood his preaching with a smile upon its face,
His writing and cartooning in every paper found a place;
As architect and artist he forced the people to enthuse,
As pilgrim and musician he did nothing but amuse;
But now he's turned to temperance, the Germans, filled with fear,
Cry, "Gread Himmel, dis ad all von't do, he vonts to sthop our peop'."

Allerhochgnädigstendurch- laucht!

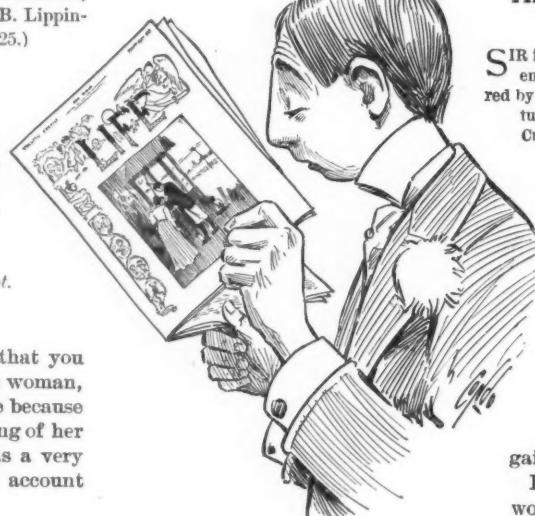
SIR I am Fremder what you call, not Eingebor-
ener which have invent a green light who look
red by the color-blind and save all the trains life in
tunnel and a man say go let see it the Board of
Criminals N Y C peraps they take it they
need a such thing, peraps they gleich-
glitig and remark at you go to hell, never
can tell what Board of Criminals going
do at a railroad, but i know, by Gott they
dont take it. Und they hören man nicht
an. Now i a Fremder no money no friend
mutterseelenallein dead broke cant sell
it what the hell I going do

Ergebnest Ernst Müller

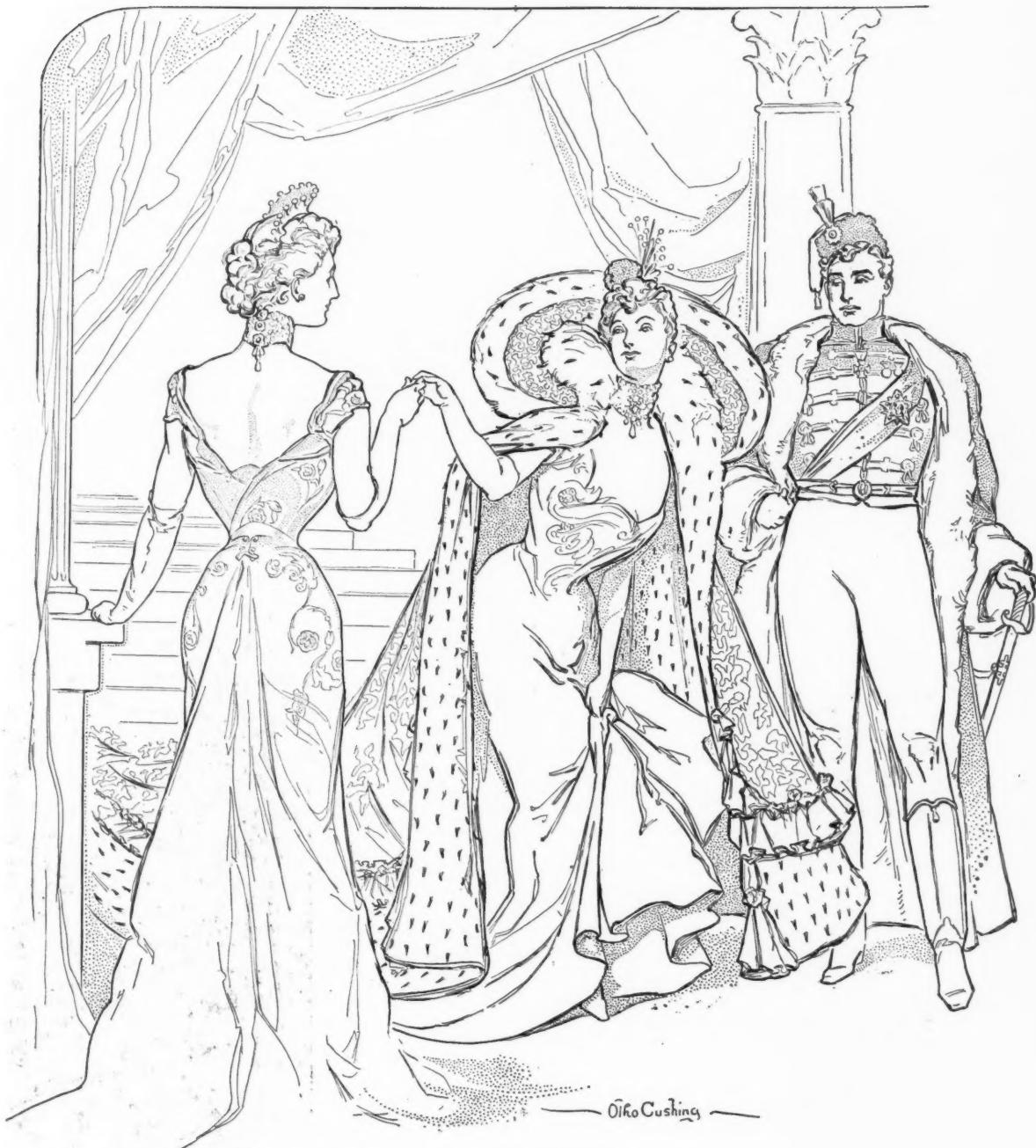
Bad News.

SUPERINTENDENT (of Met.
St. R'y): Here is an article
saying the average American is
gaining in weight.

PRESIDENT: That's too bad. We
won't be able to pack so many of them
in a car. As it is, we are only making
about 900 per cent. on each passenger.



"A WASTED LIFE."



"GOOD-BY, LADY VERA. SEE YOU NEXT JUNE AT THE CORONATION."

"BUT HOW SHALL YOU GET IN? HIS MAJESTY'S RULE IS THAT ONE MUST HAVE THE HEREDITARY RIGHT."

"WELL, AS AN AMERICAN, I HAVE THE HEREDITARY RIGHT OF BREAKING HIS MAJESTY'S RULE."

"PAPA, what is a diplomatist?"
"Any man, my son, whose wife respects him."

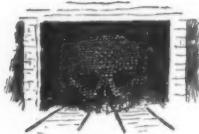
THE American who can't see American faults is a donkey, and the American who can is no American, and there you are.

"POOR George. He was shot by another American."
"Philippines or Adirondacks?"

The Road That Vander Built.



This is the Road that Vander built.



This is the Tunnel, black as night,
That shuts in the Road that Vander built.



This is the clouded, feeble Light
That blinks in the Tunnel, black as night,
That shuts in the Road that Vander built.



This is the Engineer, whose sight
Is never reached by the feeble Light
That blinks in the Tunnel, black as night,
That shuts in the Road that Vander built.



This is the Wreck and bodies torn,
That's caused (?) by the Engineer, whose sight
Is never reached by the feeble Light
That blinks in the Tunnel, black as night,
That shuts in the Road that Vander built.



These are the Mourners, all forlorn,
Who weep for the Wreck and the bodies torn,
That's caused (?) by the Engineer, whose sight
Is never reached by the feeble Light
That blinks in the Tunnel, black as night,
That shuts in the Road that Vander built.



This is The Board that smiles in scorn
Because of the Mourners, all forlorn,
Who weep for the Wreck and the bodies torn,
That's caused (?) by the Engineer, whose sight
Is never reached by the feeble Light
That blinks in the Tunnel, black as night,
That shuts in the Road that Vander built.



This is The Public, shaven and shorn
By the self-same Board that smiles in scorn
Because of the Mourners, all forlorn,
Who weep for the Wreck and the bodies torn,
That's caused (?) by the Engineer, whose sight
Is never reached by the feeble Light
That blinks in the Tunnel, black as night,
That shuts in the Road that Vander built.



And this is the Dividend-paying Horn
Filled by The Public, shaven and shorn
By the self-same Board that smiles in scorn
Because of the Mourners, all forlorn,
Who weep for the Wreck and the bodies torn,
That's caused (?) by the Engineer, whose sight
Is never reached by the feeble Light
That blinks in the Tunnel, black as night,
That shuts in the Road that Vander built.

Tom Masson.

Life's Anecdote Contest.

NUMBER 25.

THIS inability to remember faces was allied in Lord John [Russell] with a curious artlessness of disposition which made it impossible for him to feign a cordiality he did not feel. Once, at a concert at Buckingham Palace, he was seen to get up suddenly, turn his back on the Duchess of Sutherland, by whom he had been sitting, walk to the remotest part of the room, and sit down by the Duchess of Inverness. When questioned afterward as to the cause of his unceremonious move, which had the look of a quarrel, he said: "I could not have sat any longer by that great fire; I should have fainted."

"Oh, that was a very good reason for moving; but I hope you told the Duchess of Sutherland why you left her."

"Well—no, I don't think I did that. But I told the Duchess of Inverness why I came and sat by her."—*Collections and Recollections*. By "One Who Has Kept a Diary" [Henry Russell]. Harper and Brothers, 1899.

NUMBER 26.

An elderly maiden lady, the inmate of a country house at which he was staying, having set her heart on being his companion in a walk, he excused himself on account of the badness of the weather. Soon after, however, the lady intercepted him in an attempt to escape without her. "So, Mr. Sheridan," she said, "it has cleared up, I see." "Why, yes," he answered,



AS SHE IS SPOKE IN THE NURSERY.

"MAMMA, CAN A GIRL MARRY A BOY SHE IS OLDER THAN?"



BETTER NOT.

Bobby Bobtail: BEG P-PARDON, P-PUSSY, BUT—THAT IS—A-THE—YOUR CONCERT K-KEPT US AWAKE LAST NIGHT, AND—

Miss Angora: YOU-R-R-RE-A-LIA-R-R-R-R-R-!!!
"WELL, WE—WE WON'T ARGUE IT."

"it has cleared up enough for one, but not enough for two."—*The Works of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, etc.* Chatto and Windus, Piccadilly, London (no date).

NUMBER 27.

Rogers told us too, with great satisfaction, an anecdote of Sydney Smith's son, known in London society by the amiable nickname of the Assassin. . . . This gentleman, being rather addicted to horse-racing and the undesirable society of riders, trainers, jockeys, and semi-turf blacklegs, meeting a friend of his father's on his arrival at Combe Ferry, the visitor said, "So you have got Rogers here I find." "Oh, yes," replied Sydney Smith's dissimilar son, with a rueful countenance, "but it isn't the Rogers, you know." The Rogers, according to him, being a famous horse-trainer and rider of that name.

I have called him his father's dissimilar son, but feel inclined to withdraw that epithet, when I recollect his endeavor to find an appropriate subject of conversation for the Archbishop of York, by whom, on one occasion, he found himself seated at dinner. "Pray, my lord, how long do you think it took Nebuchadnezzar to get into condition again after his turn-out at grass?"—*Records of Later Life.* By Frances Ann Kemble. Henry Holt and Company, New York, 1884.

NUMBER 28.

The venerable Mr. — believed unqualifiedly in Boston, as not the hub only, but the forward wheels also, of the universe. The excellent old gentleman, having confessed to L. G. that he had never found time, during his busy life, to read Shakespeare, was advised to do so during the winter then approaching. In the spring G. called on the estimable citizen, and casually asked if he had read any of the plays during the season just passed. "Yes," he replied, "he had read them all." "Do you like them?" ventured G., feeling his way cautiously to an opinion. "Like them!" replied the old man, with effusive ardor; "that is not the word, sir! They are glorious, sir; far beyond my expectation, sir! There are not twenty men in Boston, sir, who could have written those plays!"—From *Underbrush.* By James T. Fields. James R. Osgood and Company, 1877.

Danger.

"IT seems the Queen will wear more than a peck of diamonds at the coronation."

"Goodness! I should think she would be afraid of being mistaken for one of the American guests!"

Unsatisfied.

"LOOKY HERE!" said the Chronic Grabber.

"Where's the rest of my *Sunday Jaundice*?"

I only got the fourteen news sections, the automobile, moth-ball, spiritualistic, divorce, and comic obituary sections, the free cremation coupon, popular song, lithographed chart of a drunkard's stomach, working plans of an ancient catapult, and a package of sachet powder. I'm sly the Pullman-car section, three grand prize offers, diary of a chronic murderer, key to the humorous supplement, book of cigarette-papers, water-color portrait of Anneka Jans, illuminated map of Cambodia, and the appendix and errata."



WHAT WE COULDN'T DO.

"DEM BICYCLE FELLERS RIDE OFFER TWO DOUSEND MILES IN SIX DAYS. DUNNER-VETTER! I COULDN'T DO DAT!"

Art and Literature.

FRIEND: Have you sold that historical painting of yours yet?

ARTIST: No; but I've hired a fellow to write a historical novel dealing with the same period. If that makes a hit, I can easily dispose of the picture.



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STUDIES IN EXPRESSION
THE AUTHOR AND THE SOUBRETTE

•LFE•



IES IN EXPRESSION.
IOR AND THE SOUBRETTE.



A Clever Two-Man Comic Opera.



IT'S fortunate for first-nighters in New York that "trying it on a dog" has become the rule and not the exception, and this is particularly fortunate in the matter of light operas. The New York verdict is still the authoritative one, but managers have learned that they increase their chances of success by not tiring their first-night audiences in New York. Under the former practice, that audience which escaped before midnight counted itself lucky and its opinion was likely to be biased by the waits, misfits and delays impossible to be avoided at a first presentation. Every one concerned, from principals to scene-shifters, was in a nervous frame of mind and fatigued by rehearsals kept up to the last minute. The finishing touches and the pruning usually necessary to a new piece were left undone.

"Dolly Varden" comes here after a considerable tour on the road, and its first presentation showed thoroughly the value of the experience. The people were completely at home in their work, and their gladness to be back in the neighborhood of the Rialto was apparent in the spirit of the performance.

"Dolly Varden" contains little of the *Dolly* of Dickens save her entrance in a sedan chair and her donning for a few minutes the Watteau costume, but as an up-to-date comic opera it is both clever and musical. Its plot would be rather trite for a play, but we are so used to musical pieces without plot that this one is really distinguished in actually telling a story. The book contains some chestnuts, notably the antique practical joke of making two people of good hearing each believe the other deaf, which is made a principal incident, but it also contains some clever lines and is throughout considerably better than the average of its kind. The music is bright and catchy, in fact, of just the proper calibre for the verbal ammunition it is intended to carry. One or two solos might be omitted without detriment and the score harks back to Sullivan's operas occasionally, but this fault is an amiable one in the day of worse things.

The people are thoroughly competent. Lulu Glaser has the title part and seems to have her self-satisfaction under better control than formerly. The numbers allotted to her she sings with quite sufficient archness and rather prettily. Estelle Wentworth as *Letitia Fairfax* is fair to look upon and has a voice which she uses with more accuracy than sympathy. Mr. Mark Smith is excellent in the character part of a London exquisite, and Mr. Van

Rensselaer Wheeler and Mr. Albert Parr make a dashing and musical pair of young lovers. The chorus is both comely and competent and the whole company does good work with the concerted numbers.

The music of "Dolly Varden" is likely to be popular, and it is a notable fact that the opera is not the work of a regiment of composers and writers, as is now the fashion, but is the product of one librettist, Mr. Stange, and one composer, Mr. Edwards.

* * *

AVING all of New York's theatres compressed into one small neighborhood may be advantageous in some ways, although it is difficult to see just wherein the advantage lies. It certainly has the effect of unduly congesting street traffic at the hours when performances begin and end. Under the Tammany police system, whose sole object seemed to be to protect and encourage nuisances of all kinds and to inconvenience as much as possible the citizen going about his legitimate business or pleasure, getting into and away from the theatres was a perilous undertaking.

Since Colonel Partridge took over Murphy's job there has been a slight improvement. If he would give his policemen instructions to keep the cross-walks clear of vehicles, to curb the activity of the cabmen cruising for fares, and to clear out the street-boys, ragamuffins and panhandlers who infest the sidewalks in front of the theatres, he would be acting strictly in the line of his duty and would gain the gratitude of theatre-goers.

* * *

HEARN of Troy, the wise legislator who has introduced at Albany a bill establishing a Theatrical Censor, deserves a striking statue in the Hall of Fame or on the Pons Asinorum. Dramatic art isn't having any too easy a time of it as it is even without the addition of a Troy-made censor. Natural causes and a better educated public opinion may some day relieve the drama of the Theatrical Trust, but a salaried office once created would become a permanency.

And besides, LIFE is still in business.

Metcalfe.

LIFE'S CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE TO THE THEATRES.

Academy of Music.—"Under Two Flags" in spectacular form with Blanche Bates as *Cigarette*.

Bijou.—Amelia Bingham and company in "Lady Margaret." Notice later.

Broadway.—"The Sleeping Beauty and the Beast." Ballet, music, fun and gorgeous spectacle.

Criterion.—Mrs. Leslie Carter as *Du Barry*. Elaborate and interesting production.

Daly's.—"Frocks and Frills." Amusing comedy well presented.

Empire.—"The Wilderness." Clever, little society comedy well acted.

Garrick.—"A Message from Mars" goes on indefinitely. Worth seeing.

Herald Square.—Lulu Glaser in "Dolly Varden." See above.

Knickerbocker.—Comic opera, "The Toreador." Moderately amusing.

Lyceum.—Annie Russell as the star in "The Girl and the Judge." Clever and well done.

Manhattan.—Mr. Frank Keenan in "Hon. John Grigsby." Notice later.

Madison Square.—"Sweet and Twenty" and curtain raiser, "Romances." Not especially interesting.

Republic.—Henrietta Crosman in "Joan of the Shoals." Notice later.

Savoy.—Elsie de Wolfe in "The Way of the World." Amusing society comedy.

Victoria.—Last week of "Francesca da Rimini," with Mr. Otis Skinner as the star. A dignified and interesting performance.

Wallack's.—"A Gentleman of France," with Mr. Kyrie Bellew as the star. Strenuous dramatization of romantic novel.

Weber and Fields's Music Hall.—Vaudville with introduced burlesque of "The Girl and the Judge." Good seats at advanced prices may be had of speculators.



AN OBJECT LESSON.

"OH, MAMMA, HERE'S A CHESTNUT!"
 "YES, MY DEAR. NOW NAME ME TWO OTHER KINDS OF NUTS."
 "PEANUTS AND FOR-GET-ME-NUTS."

Too Bad.

"**Y**ES, I have watched her career with a great deal of interest."
 "She is a brilliant woman, isn't she?"
 "She has been. I can't say that she is. As a girl she developed remarkable precocity. It was not so much in her literary proficiency that she displayed her qualities, as in that wide sense of her ultimate mission, in the broad conceptions she so early entertained of the crying needs of our social system. When only eleven, she had written a striking paper on sex relationships. At thirteen, her monograph of "The True Prerogatives of Woman" had attracted wide attention. At fifteen, her essay on "The Silent Vote" marked an epoch, and when, at twenty-two, she delivered her "Motherhood of Man," it became evident that a new force had risen. What a pity that now, after all, her life should be a failure."

"But how can it be a failure? What has she done?"
 "Why, the miserable thing has gone off and got married!"

Social Note.

THE dinner party consisted of fourteen stomachs and two very interesting brains.

Finishing Touch.



HEN you've made your reputations,
 Be silent from that hour,
 For silence, after all, is what
 Makes reputations tower.

PHYSICIAN: This is the worst case of indigestion I ever saw.

"Impossible, Doctor! I haven't eaten anything but health foods for the last six months."

Music.

BOSTON may well give herself airs about her Symphony Orchestra, which is the best of its kind. She may also be proud of such a public-spirited citizen as the generous founder who made it possible, and gave it one of the foremost leaders in the world. Mr. Gericke has brought his orchestra almost to a state of perfection, and that his concerts are duly appreciated in New York is shown by the quality and quantity of the audiences he attracts.

Mr. Victor Herbert comes to us also with an admirable orchestra, which is playing better all the time. Mr. Herbert once belonged to us; so did Mr. Thomas. Neither of these gentlemen should have been allowed to depart, but New York's artistic mistakes are so many and so obvious it is unnecessary to allude to them.



"PLEASE, SIR, I WANT A POUND OF YOUR TOUGH STEAK."
 "WHY TOUGH?"
 "COZ IF I GET IT TENDER PA WILL EAT IT ALL UP AND I WON'T GET ANY."

The Baby.



A NEW BABY weighs from five to ten pounds, and after the first week or ten days, if normal, gains one-half a pound a week. It is not usual for it to have any hair on its head, but if it does, this resembles the back of a blonde caterpillar that has had hard luck. Its head is abnormally large compared with the size of its body, which gives it a grotesque appearance. Its eyes, always blue in color, are expressionless, and as they cannot be focused on any object for some weeks, are meaningless to the observer. It has practically no nose, but what might not inaptly be termed only a malformation of that useful appendage.

Its mouth is very large, and when wide open (which is not infrequent) extends to both ears. It displays no signs of intelligence up to two or three months, the false smile on its face, sometimes mistaken for conscious cheerfulness, being only the pathological symbol of colic. It reveals but one instinct—the lowest in the scale—that of hunger, and its cry is discordant and without any vibration of intelligence. The only known superiority it has to its owner is in the extreme flexibility of the upper, and the lower or ungular phalanges of the feet, inherited from its anthropoid ancestor.

* * *

YET this little animal, the cause of sleepless nights and long vigils, of doctors' visits, of financial distress, and a source of almost endless anxiety, with nothing to recommend it to our sense of beauty or our intellectual sympathies, is the fond object of the adoration of millions.

It seems absurd.

And so easy is it to show how unreasonable is the love of the average parents for their babies, that I feel almost like apologizing for even briefly indicating their strange inconsistencies.

The only argument, of course, that could possibly be advanced by the joint owners of a baby is that it appeals to their imagination. In itself it not only has no claims upon our admiration, but if it were possible to reduce it to the size of a beetle, and then examine it under a magnifying glass, it would not begin to compare in beauty and interest with that other complex being.

But because of its possibilities, the parents render up their homage. And what are these possibilities?

Since Washington, there have been twenty-four Presidents. During this interval, how many millions of American babies have been born, and what was the chance of each to become a President or a lady of the White House? But in these astronomical figures it is not necessary to be exact. Throw in all the members of the Cabinet and their wives. Add a proportion of Senators (not Congressmen, however, for the sense of public duty is too strong ever to permit a parent to wish his offspring to be a Congressman), put in what millionaires and retired heroes there are and have been, and even then the chance of the average baby to achieve distinction is so remote as practically not to count.

* * *

IT would seem as if imagination should not be dragged in to do duty in a case like this, if parents will but look around them at the evidence presented on every side. Here is Jones, clerking in a

hardware store at twelve dollars a week—where he will probably end his days—yet, doubtless he was once a Presidential possibility. Here is Miss Robinson, the third lady to the left in the comic opera chorus, once the darling of her mother's eyes—a future duchess. How many toboggans there are—from the cradle to the grave.

A baby is a being endowed with all the preponderating possibilities of mediocrity. If a boy, he will probably make more trouble than he is worth. His tendency will be to go from one extreme to the other; there is always the possibility that he will be away nights while the gas is burning superfluously in the front hall, smoke cigarettes, gamble, drink, acquire creditors, be a yellow journalist, land in jail, or, what is perhaps as bad in the long run, develop Y. M. C. A. tendencies. If a girl, she may become an authoress, marry a poor stick, go on the stage, or be an old maid full of whim-whams. And if either, there are whooping cough, measles, diphtheria, smallpox and what not in store. The increasing number of operations for appendicitis is alone enough to make the baby quail, could he know the future.

* * *

THE woman of society is apparently the only one who has solved this problem. With her powerful brain, so highly developed by constant afternoon teas, lawn parties, sociables, dinners and other functions, where she has the benefit of the intellectual stimulus of her own set, she undoubtedly perceives the truth. Should she be afflicted with such an incongruous and undesirable thing as a baby, it is promptly turned over to salaried functionaries, thus enabling her undisturbed to pursue her high ideals.

Tom Masson.

To Be Consistent.

"I SHOULD think the British would welcome a war with Russia and the prospect of getting whipped."

"Why so?"

"Well, they believe it is such an excellent thing for one nation to be subjugated by another."



"SANTA MARIA! I FEAR MY HAT IS NOT ON STRAIGHT."

Our Personal Column.

RUDYARD KIPLING is fitting up an arsenal at Woolwich, which he will make his permanent home. It will serve him as an inspiration for his contemplated poem, "More Blood."

Admiral W. S. Schley is preparing several more vindications for the coming year. They will be issued monthly until further notice.

H. H. Vreeland, of the Metropolitan Street Railway, is considering some new patents to go on the New York surface cars. Among the latest is a cold blast to be blown on the necks of the passengers in winter time; also a new arrangement for summer, so that each passenger will have to leap four feet higher than at present in order to get on.

William II. of Germany is staying with himself for a few weeks.

A nice dinner was recently given to Mr. Ernest Thompson-Seton. There were said to be present Mr. Gilder-Watson-Richard, Mr. Bacheller-Irving, Dr. Mitchell - Weir, Mr. Bangs - Kendrick-John, Mr. Stockton-Frank-R., Mr. James-Henry, Mr. Churchill-Winston, Miss Johnston - Mary, Mrs. Phelps - Stuart-Elizabeth, and Washington-T.-Booker; not to mention Mr. Howells - Dean - William and Mr. Page - Nelson-Thomas.

General Miles is taking absent treatment. It consists of "going into the silence" for several hours every day in hopes that a permanent cure may result.

The President has already begun on his next message. It will be in the form of a historical novel, with the dramatic rights reserved, and be issued uniform with the library of the world's best literature.

It is rumored that Miss Lillian Russell will stop getting married and settle down.

It is said that at the court ball of the coronation William Waldorf Astor will go disguised as an American Patriot.



"IT'S JUST HORRID, BERTIE, TO THINK OF LIVING IN A FLAT AFTER WE ARE MARRIED."
 "YOU DON'T LOVE ME WHEN YOU TALK THAT WAY."
 "OH, YES, I DO, BUT NOT ON A SMALL SCALE."

LIFE



BAL POUDRE.

Dear Lady, through the dance's maze
And in the throng of powdered faces
That would assume the pictured ways
Of bygone times and oiden places,
Thy laughing eyes alone, upcast,
Reanimate the sluggish fancy,
Until the present seems the past,
Changed by some subtle necromancy.

Again I see the ribboned crooks,
The Trianon's capricious folly,
The Watteau shepherd's pleading looks,
(And understand his melancholy !)
The king who played the churlish boor,
The queen who aped the village poses,
The swains who gave their *gages d'amour*
In unfrequented garden closes.

But though I catch the light refrain
Of mocking laugh, of witty sallies,
Of twinkling feet that tread again,
In masquerade, Arcadian valleys,
Fair Conjuror, 't is not enough
For me to see the Past's procession :
I own I want, without rebuff,
The Future, too, in my possession !

—Margaret Ridgely Schott, in the *Century Magazine*.

For sale by all Newsdealers in Great Britain. The International News Company, Bream's Building, Chancery Lane, London, E. C., England, AGENTS.

A VACANT niche in contemporary periodical literature is filled by the *Book Booster*, which is edited by "Mr. Criticus Flub-Dubé," and published by "Josh, Gosh & Co.," in Evanston, Ill. Its purpose, as it is careful to inform the reader on its first page, is to "boost books—our own and others," with the distinction that "the books published by Josh, Gosh & Co. will be boosted without reference to the number of pounds sold, while the publications of other houses will be boosted only when they have passed the dead line, which is fifty thousand pounds."

The book boosted in this particular issue is "Faggots of Empire," by Miss Bertha Bosh. "Miss Bosh," we are told from the "Editor's Rocking Chair," "is only fifteen years old, but is extremely bright for her age. She is a Chicago girl, and has never traveled farther than Oconomowoc, which makes her literary feat all the more remarkable. For 'Faggots of Empire' is a story of the reign of Charlemagne, and the author betrays a singular acquaintance with the local color of those times." Indeed, her narrative "contains more facts than the histories." Moreover :

"The cloth used in binding the first edition would, if stretched end to end, reach from Chicago to Evanston. Placed side by side the pages would reach from Chicago to Minneapolis. Smeard thinly, the ink used would cover four townships. Ten million cockroaches could subsist for six months on the binder's paste employed. Set up side by side, the individual letters in the text would reach from San Francisco to the Hawaiian Islands. And the hot air employed in boosting the book would float ten thousand balloons."

Another interesting literary announcement is made to

the effect that "Josh, Gosh & Co. have been appointed Western selling agents for the forthcoming book of Mr. Ernest Thompson-Seton (formerly Seton-Thompson), which is to be titled 'Cheap Thompsons I Have Known.'" The *Book Booster* is replete with touching poems and thrilling serials, and "The Stovepipe of Navarre," a blood-curdling "Romance of Sword and Cloak," by Miss Poeta Pants, quite puts in the shade all current literary efforts along the same line.

—*Literary Digest*.

IN ENGLAND an officer was court-martialed for being drunk. His servant, who was an Irishman, was asked by the Court whether his master was sober on the night when he was stated to have been drunk.

"Yes, sir," the servant replied, "he was quite sober."

"How do you know he was sober?"

"Because he asked me to call him early."

This was a convincing answer. But one of the officers of the court-martial, remembering that there was no early parade on the following morning, asked the servant what reason his master gave for wishing to be called early. Without a moment's hesitation the servant replied :

"He said he was the Queen of the May, sir."

That, of course, concluded the case.

—*The Candid Friend*.

"ANYTHING going on this evening?"

"Yes; there's to be a performance at the Athletic Gardens. A fellow will undertake to subdue an automobile that has a record of having killed six men. He's to do it in one hour or forfeit a thousand dollars." —*Chicago Tribune*.

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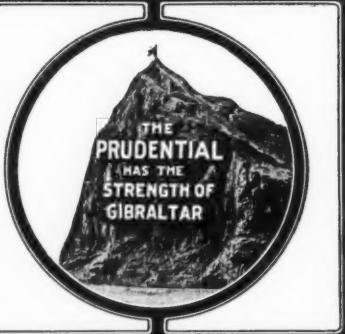
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He knocks the ball and blows upon his hands.

—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

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"THIS article," said the magazine editor, handing it back, "will hardly do. Pardon me for saying it, but you don't seem to have any fertility of imagination."

"If I haven't," responded the indignant contributor, "it isn't for lack of fertilizing material; I have read all the recent fiction."—*Chicago Tribune.*

It's the fad this winter for golfers to go to California. Best train for best travelers is The California Limited, via the Santa Fe.

LITTLE Georgie was taken by his aunt to see the newcomer, aged one day. He was duly and profoundly impressed with the specimen, and asked where the little brother came from.

"God sent it," answered the aunt, reverently.

The answer made a deep impression on Little Georgie, for that afternoon he was seen out in the backyard gazing up into the deep blue sky and spreading his diminutive apron expectantly as he said:

"Dear God, please throw me one down, too."

—*Troy Press.*

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—*Tilt-Bits.*

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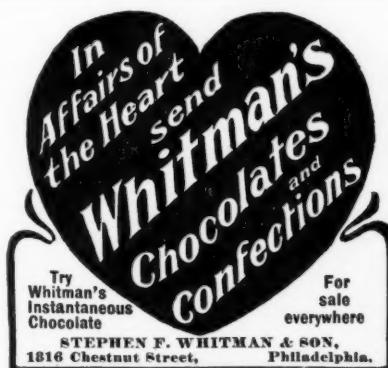
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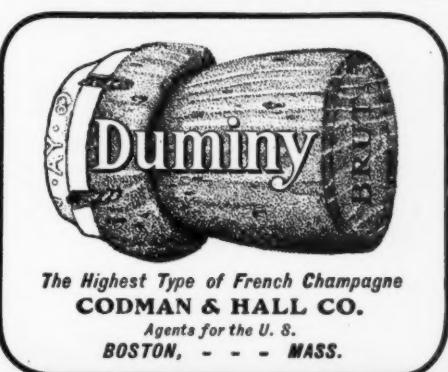


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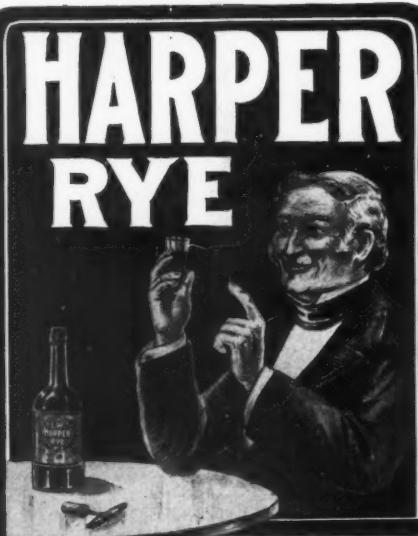
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